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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
VOLUME II
FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 13, 1929 NUMBER 1

THE LONDON STRING QUARTET

Hungry after its long fast, Carmel presented itself last Friday evening at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, in a mood ready for music. There is a peculiar, an unspoken and unspeakable, kinship among those who come together to listen to chamber music. And added to this there was on Friday evening the sense of reunion of Carmel after long separation.

The Tschaikowsky quartet opus 11 does not perhaps say so very much. It is good normal beautiful music. . Our delight in hearing it is chiefly in the manner of its utterance,—the exquisiteness of balance, violins first and second; the grave humility of the viola; the tempered vitality of the 'cello. Admirable impersonality of the players; the ego subdued to annihilation.

(Must we except from this statement the 'cellist, admirable as a 'cellist and a musician, but breaking the veil of privacy between the players and their audience by the almost-too-vital glance of his eye toward the audience? Almost a shock, this,—as though he were stepping off the little island the players had made for themselves, an island of isolation in a universe in which the concentration music demands of them precludes any consciousness of audience.)

The suite by Waldo Warner, viola player, is musically larger than its title implies,—a work of sensitive and rich musicianship speaking in the modern idiom,—rhythms, intervallic line, harmonic fundament, altogether fresh and contemporary.

His suite is of course a reminder of the misty and tenuous loveliness of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream. It has a grotesque humor too which places it beside Ravel's children's suite, "Ma Mere."

As for the Debussy,—well, one could simply say, "Good old-fashioned Claude," and realize that much water has flowed under many bridges since his opus 10.

The tiny Haydn which capped the program as encore was as lovely as a quaint and beautiful great-grandmother who has grown old gracefully.

WE CELEBRATE A BIRTHDAY

With this issue the infant Carmelite enters its second year. One candle illuminates the festival cake. The rest lies in the future.

A year ago it began as a little eight-page paper. Most of this issue was distributed free. In June, when the present publisher purchased it, it had some thirty or so subscribers. Its regular subscribers and readers now number several thousand per cent of that early figure, dotting the planet at many points.

Friends of the Carmelite will meet informally at dinner on Thursday evening of this week.

linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

Carmel-News

WE SUBMIT TO THE MACHINE AGE

"The union of industry and Science has brought forth mass production and mass distribution," said Edward A. Filene, speaking before a representative Carmel audience last Sunday evening at the Pine Inn, under W. I. L. auspices. "As a result of this we have an average, each of us, of fifty slaves. . . . Will mass production dominate our whole life? It is a central factor of our immediate future.

"Mass production reverses the motivation of capitalism. It must first of all produce consumers. For the first time in history it pays capitalism to pay high wages and shorten hours. For it makes its greatest profit from a large number of consumers, with leisure to consume,—and with the smallest profit per piece.

"Economic causes,—unemployment in countries which have not yet developed mass production and consumption to a high degree,—are factors of a real danger of war in Europe in the next ten or fifteen years.

"Political governments can not make effective peace plans." But out of the logical development of mass production, Mr. Filene believes, with its gradual lowering of tariff barriers and greater flexibility of markets, there will come an Economic Pan-Europe. The International Management Institute has already begun this,—with its encouragement of the chain store system, which binds together in buying units such stores as Harrod's of London, as well as the leading department stores in Stockholm, Paris, and Brussels.

The methods of Mr. Woolworth will prevail.

Mr. Filene does not believe that the age of mass production will necessarily produce a race of robots. He believes that it will free men for greater leisure to consume more goods, so that more goods can be produced to satisfy more consumers who will thereupon enjoy more leisure so that the greater market will require more production of more goods; whereupon greater production will require more consumers who will require more production which will produce more consumers who will require more production which will produce more consumers who will. . . . . .

THREE RED HOTS AND TWO BALL GAMES

Was there excitement? There was.

Was a good time had by all? Yes, yes, yes.

Was the pitching good? "Wonderful," said the batters. "Rotten," said the fielders.

The Abalone League opened its baseball season on Sunday on its Carmel Woods field, after two postponements. Four teams,—the Shamrocks, the Giants, the Crescents, and the Tigers, met in a struggle which will end only in the final Whirl Series.

There was also a side-show of a hot-dog stand, at which beautiful ladies spread mustard at a dime, ten cents, a spread, —all for the good of the League and the relief of a depleted treasury. Hot coffee for the spectators and cold pop for the base-runners were sold out before three innings of the first game were over.

Semi-circling the field were automobiles two and three deep. The whole town was there.

A charming miss who sat beside me told me about the teams; the Shamrocks were made up of those of Irish blood; the Crescents were all descendants of subjects of the Sultan; the Giants were directly descended from the Prussian Guard of Frederick the Great; and the forebears of the Tigers peopled the jungles of India. I cannot however vouch for the truth of this statement, as I have found that the young lady came from Pacific Grove.

There is a community spirit about this Abalone League and its games which is individual to a degree. They seem not to care on that baseball field whether the player is good or bad. In fact, it looks to me as though a player is popular in proportion to the errors he makes.

But the scores? Ah, the scores. Yes, yes.

Well, the Shamrocks beat the Giants fifteen to five; and the Tigers licked the Crescents thirteen to twelve in the extra innings.

More next week if the weather holds out.

—q.u.

HE SPICES HIS STATISTICS

On Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman, Dr. M. M. Knight, professor of Economics at the University of California, will give the last of his series of four lectures on the Economics of War.

The subject for this evening will be, "The War Debt of Germany and the Reparations."

Dr. Knight has a terse and pungent style. His facts are voluminous, and the conclusions to be drawn from them have an appalling scope. His convictions,—if he can be said to allow himself anything so sentimental,—are occasionally tinged with satire.

The lecture is given under the auspices of the Women's International League, and is open to the public, with an admission fee of fifty cents.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

February

Th. Carmelite Anniversary Dinner — at 6:30.

Fr. 15 Lecture—Monterey Union High School P. T. A. meeting. By W. F. Brown of Stanford, on Physical Education for Boys. Open to the public.

Sa. 16 Lecture—by Dr. M. M. Knight on German War Reparations, at the Blackman residence on Carmelo near Ocean at eight. Auspices of the P. T. A. Tickets fifty cents.

Su. 17 Piano Recital—by Imre Weisshaus at the Denny-Watrous studio at 8.00. Admission a dollar.

Su. 17 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

Mo. 18 City Council Meeting—City Hall at 7:30. The Zoning Ordinance to have a reading.

Tu. 19 Vasia Anakeeff—sings at the Golden Bough, preceding the film, "The Woman from Moscow.

Tu. 19 Theatre Guild—A one-act play, in Guild room, for members.

LAZARUS

"Whence have we come, and whither shall we go?"

Eugene O'Neill, in "Lazarus Laughed," has attempted to appease us in our search to solve the mystery of life, by declaring that there is no death.

But the world is full of doubting Caligulas, Caesars, and Pompilias. The theme plot of "Lazarus Laughed" is the groping of human beings for "spiritual life." Four days Lazarus had gone to his grave; he returns to his home, bringing with him a laugh which can be heard only from a man who is in love with God. With it he brings this expression of a philosophy; "Laugh with me! Death is but man's invention."

"Lazarus Laughed" as read by Mrs. Laurel Bias on Saturday evening at the Pine Inn, under the auspices of the P. T. A., made me want to laugh with God. In her presentation of the play I could detect the laughter of God in her voice.

—H. K.

AT THE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Alfred Adler, one of the four great leaders of the divergent schools of psychoanalysis, has been lecturing this week in Berkeley to three large audiences. In one of them, on the relationship between parents and children, he analyzed the difficult and subtle interplay of emotional forces upon whose right balance depends the future of the child's social relationships in adult life

AFTER THE RECITAL

When the last note of the Haydon had spent itself, and the audience was still drifting out of the theatre; with the quartet behind the scenes tucking fiddles into their cases, swathed in silken scarves, —someone improvised a party. And in fifteen minutes a dozen or so folk found themselves at the Blackmans' awaiting the august four, who were first to leave their instruments at the hotel.

At last the quartet arrived, and the guests braced themselves for sedate conversation on the higher levels,—their adjectives of appreciation marshalled in rows, best foot forward.

But what a transition! The quartet seemed not at all eager to swallow the adjectives. (They seemed to have heard some of the same ones before or something.) They were full of bon mots.

One of them challenged Dene Denny to play some Schoenberg; and when she did, volunteered to improvise more and better Schoenberg (All however agreed that it was worse rather than better). Then he must improvise George Gershwin. To this syncopated summons, the black-eyed 'cellist must dance, swinging his lady to a wild measure.

And so the evening mellowed. There is always time for mirth on Olympus.

* * * *

"O," chirped the effusive lady to the 'cellist, "I was so sorry to miss your recital here. But you see, I had heard you in New York."

"Ah," said the 'cellist. (What else was there to say?)

"Yes. And in Chicago. And in London. O yes, I had heard you several times."

"Ah," said the 'cellist.

"And you are doing quite well? Are you getting along?"

"Yes," said the 'cellist politely. "We get along very nicely, thank you."

"How very nice," she purred. "Then by the next time you come, your quartet will perhaps be able to manage to add to its numbers?"

* * * *

IMPRESSIVE

The two bright young things were studying the program intently before the concert should begin,—and from cover to cover.

"O look, Mary," exclaimed one. "Only four musicians they've got. And all these directors!"

* * * *

AND THEN THIS ONE...

"Really," said one patron of the evening, "don't you think they played beautifully in tune,—considering that they had no piano accompaniment?"

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER

On Thursday evening of this week the Parish House of All Saints was filled with listeners to a strange lecture. Harry J. Kelly, ex-convict, having been introduced by Lincoln Steffens, was telling a frank story.

Thirty of his years had been spent in penitentiaries,—in San Quentin, in Folsom,—for manslaughter, for burglary, for crimes committed under the stress of desire for narcotics. Kelly's story was the simple tale,—told with an occasional burst into Salvation Army style, but that didn't matter. The thing as a whole was true enough,—of a human being destroyed by a chemical force operating within himself.

His addiction to morphine, cocain, and heroin had come as the result of an accident,—as in so many of these cases, —and began by the medical administering of the drug to alleviate pain. Then, in the usual sequence, follows desire,—desire as strong as an absolute must; and as violent as, or perhaps more wildly dementedly violent than, sexual necessity. An agony craving cessation, —the cessation an ecstasy.

Drugs differ, Kelly told, in the effect they had upon what was once,—in the good old days before Watson's conditioned reflex, —called "character." Kelley reminded his audience often that no one can possibly understand the thing unless he has undergone it. (Try to explain the agony of child-birth. Try to explain desire.)

Kelly's story unveiled a little,—unconsciously, of course,—the psychology of the penitentiary. The wardens who are themselves drug addicts; the wardens who are bought... Kelly himself used narcotics freely while in Folsom (which he describes as the most barbarous of all of our prisons.) and this with the cooperation of the guards. The dark life; the violence; the depravity of the guards and wardens as vicious as that of the men they have made like themselves.

To Kelly the brutality of the penitentiary has become commonplace. He mentions his days in the straight-jacket, his thumbs twisted and held caught to the wall behind him,—casually. It is spectacular to us to hear that men in prisons can be heard shrieking for death. More terrible still is the mood of a prison,—this indescribable dark weight upon the spirit. This thing Kelly conveyed to his hearers.

Difficult to believe at first, and yet finally convincing, were his statements about the numbers of high school students who are viciously brought under the influence of drugs and who become their victims. This underworld is too spectacular for nice people to believe in.

The nice people left the Parish House of All Saints in some doubt as to the niceness of their civilization.

Personal Bits . . .

The guests of the week in Carmel have been Mr. Walter Egan, Mr. Millard of Chicago, and Edward A. Filene of Boston, in whose honor there have been some sparkling evenings.

Mr. Filene is a capitalist and a merchant. In the east, Filene's of Boston is known as the department store whose outstanding success has been built upon satisfactory relationships,—most especially between the store and its employees; just as in the clothing industry, Hart Schaffner and Marx have established working conditions so successful that strikes by employees are often for "the Hart Schaffner and Marx arrangement."

Filene has set a standard for industrial relationships, and done a good job in the world. He has done other jobs equally well,—among them the founding of the International Chamber of Commerce; and the International Management Institute, with headquarters at Geneva supplied it by the International League.

* * * *

On Sunday evening friends of Dora Hagemeyer met for a house-warming, setting the official seal of their approval upon her new choice of a home on Lincoln at Ninth. Discussion of the civilization of the future mellowed into music. The evening ended in a burst of folk-song,—Scotch, Irish, Negro Spirituals, and a Bach Chorale or two,—all pulled out of the past rememberingly. How good that there are still left a few people without radios, who can themselves make their own music.

* * * *

Frank Sheridan and the boys were all set, the other night, for an evening of poker ... their Thursday out. Someone persuaded them to come instead to hear Kelly lecture on the evils of the drug habit. We saw them sitting there, right in the first row where they couldn't escape,—rueful at first and then spellbound. We hope it done 'em good.

* * * *

Polo at Del Monte these last days has brought to the peninsula what we should like to be permitted to call a glittering galaxy of fashionables and sports notables.

Polo is a beautiful game,—the setting of well-groomed green; the spirited horses; the swoop of the rider to the swing of the mallet. Compare it in precision with football, which draws its hundreds of thousands of spectators; in vitality with golf. Yes, a beautiful game.

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RUSSIAN SINGER TO BE HEARD

Five Russian peasant songs are to be sung in Carmel at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, preceding the film "The Woman from Moscow," on the nineteenth of this month at 8:45. They will be sung by Vasia Anakieff, a man born in Moscow. These songs, like all Russian folk-songs, are ordinarily sung unaccompanied. But Miss Harriet Wilson, who first heard them sung in Ann Dare's peasant chorus in Los Angeles, has made excellent scores for them, and will accompany the singer.

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ABOUT RUSSIAN FOLK MUSIC

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"There is a great aching melancholy song," says Gogol, "that wanders from sea to sea throughout the length and breadth of Russia, and that will forever echo in your heart and haunt the recesses of your memory if you know Russia."

The Russian folk music is said to surpass that of any other people. One characteristic of it is its sudden change of rhythm. Perhaps that is why that master of rhythm, Isadora Duncan, was so much appreciated in Russia; whose bass voices reach the pitch and attain the effect resembling the thirty-six-foot bourdon stop of a huge organ, and are grown only on Russian soil. Gather a group of Russian young people together, from the Artic Circle, Ukrainia, the Ural or the Caucasian mountains, or Siberia, and they will soon be singing. Through their folk songs they seem to find a common meeting ground.

The Little Russian is a shepherd or a

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laborer; his songs are gay. He sings as he drives his plough, and the lark answers. The swing of his scythe suggests a rhythm to the tale of his fathers, and off he goes treading the heavy soil to its swing.

"The great Russian, like the hunter, has no thought for the future. Proud, a recluse, he retains in his manner and characteristics the impress of centuries passed in the forest clearings or upon lonely rivers. He is thoughtful, a mystic, patient, and a fatalist. He believes in the richness of his own nature," and responds to that about him. He too sings, but his songs are apt to end in long sustained notes, like a great sigh.

During the Tzar's life, prison orders were: "No singing. No music. No balalaikas or other musical instruments allowed to prisoners." This order, especially in that prison of cruelty on Lake Baikal, Siberia, was a very great hardship.

The prisoners there closed their lips tightly, and in a scarcely audible sound, a mere vibration, created one of the most powerful songs ever known. Its accompaniment, the clanking chains fastened from waist to ankle; the thud of the pounding ankle, beating time. This song was given publicity only once, in the then Saint Petersburg, before an immense audience gathered together to listen to the folk-music of all Russia.

Its rhythm and pain so crazed the hearers that they rose en masse in terrible fury, and were subdued only by the fear of the ever-present hireling of the Tzar,—the Cossack.

—Ann Dare.

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The Arts . . .

THE FLOWERING OF THE MACHINE AGE

The exhibition of modern decorative arts which is to open next week at the Woman's Club Building in San Francisco, promises to be one of unusual honesty and excellence. Recent exhibits on the coast making an attempt at modern expression have strangely missed the point of their own attempt. Modernism is not a style, but a principle, a philosophy. Exhibits of "modernistic" furniture, such as shown recently in Los Angeles at Bullock's, when they are merely assemblages of objects catching a prevailing style, are misleading, and will produce a buying, interior-decorating, public strangely and pitiably unaware of the meanings inherent in their own possessions.

They are like purchasers of Persian or Indian rugs, who know nothing of the symbolism which makes their design rich.

The modern interior is not just another museum of stylized knick-knacks. Every object in it has a use. Nothing is just "sitting around."

The with-drawing room has become the living room.

The greatest advance has been made in kitchen and in bathroom design,—although it has so far occured to very few architects to make an actual composition,—a design of planned space-relations,—of either of these utilitarian rooms. Certainly the essential tendency of modern interior design is to take objects of use, and make them the units of design. We shall not have to trim up our sterile spaces with objets d'art when the hunger for beauty is satisfied by finely proportioned stoves, ice-boxes, furniture, composed into a room composition which is altogether satisfying. The very egg-beater and the can-opener may become ultimate objects of functional design.

* * * *

San Francisco and Los Angeles symbolize their difference in the big parties of these two towns. Hollywood gives its annual Wampas Ball, at which the stars of the coming moving picture year receive their first impetus. San Francisco has a Quat's Arts Ball.

This is just over in the northern city. The artists, official and unarrived; the artists' friends,—meaning Albert Bender; and the friends of the artists' friends,—everybody, in short, from Rudolph Schaeffer and Maynard Dixon bounding the north and the south, to Junius Craven and Gene Hailey on the east and west (with Miss Taylor of course for the East-West, were this witticism not beneath our level).

THE RETURN OF WEISSHAUS

A year and a half ago, there occured in Carmel a piano recital which many of us have not forgotten. Imre Weisshaus, a young composer from Buda-Pesth, discovered and brought to the United States by Henry Cowell, played in the Theatre of the Golden Bough to an audience which found itself reacting strongly.

The next morning there were several who confessed to the same thing... They had been so much excited by the music that they had gone home to write about it,—some were sleepless with excitement.

The music of the moderns is often called nervous music. And on this program compositions of Kodaly and Bartok were heard for the first time in Carmel. Was this the reason? Or was it the playing of this youth, with its acute intensity, its fiery concentration upon each phrase, each tone, each expression of meaning, as he drew it from the instrument?

That initial step from Europe into America last year was a step tentatively made, since ordinarily funds in large quantities are required to insure the arrival of an artist; and Weisshaus had none but the enthusiasm of Henry Cowell as support.

But since then Weisshaus has arrived. His name stands with those of the vital younger composers and pianists who are most respected, from whom most is hoped, among the moderns.

During his visit to Carmel, Weisshaus established friendships and loyalties, notably with Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. And it is under their auspices that he plays, on Sunday evening next, at their studio. The recital is public, with an admission charge of a dollar.

The program of Weisshaus at the studio of Denny and Watrous next Sunday evening follows:

MICHEL ANGELO ROSSI 17th. Century) —WEISSHAUS
Toccata
DMITRI STEPANOVICH BORTIANSKY (1781-1825)
Chants des Cherubins no. 2.
AZZOLINO BERNADINO DELLA CIAJA (1671-1755)—WEISSHAUS
Toccata and Fugue
BELA BARTOK
from "Quatre Nenies"
Adagio
Andante
Nine Pieces for Children
PAUL KADOSA
Sonatina
con fiducia
triste
FERENZ SZABO
Toccata
IMRE WEISSHAUS
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Two sketches.

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THE CARMELITE

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Editorials . . .

During the first year of the life of the Carmelite, the suggestion has come many times that it function upon the Pacific Coast in a way that no other periodical so far does function. There is need on this western margin of the country for a channel of liberal opinion through which the minds and energies of the new age may find expression.

The intention of the editors of the Carmelite,—or, as the Examiner would put it, of the editor,—is to build up a sturdy, well-printed news weekly, and parallel to this, to develop a series of special monthly issues, somewhat complete in themselves, beginning with the forthcoming one on Modern Architecture, and followed by others on Contemporary Education, the Arts, Regional Planning, and kindred hearty subjects. Thus we become a periodical of ideas and purposes, as well as of news information.

The general conviction, from business men as well as from literary folk, sociologists, and contemporary creative minds, from many parts of the planet, is that we have a wide and vital future before us.

* * * *

One reason why Carmel can afford the luxury of a desire to remain an unspoiled village, is that so many of its population are living here either upon very small incomes while they write or paint, or as retired citizens of the world. They have nothing to sell, and so do not require a market.

Whoever needs no market can afford to be exclusive, and wish to keep forest and valley for himself and a few friends.

Basically, the merchant and the realtor in Carmel have an economic conflict with the rest. They need buyers and increase of population.

But in Carmel, to a high degree, merchant, realtor, and retired citizen are agreed upon a central desire,—to keep the charm unspoiled. To the business man, the charm of the town has selling value. To us there is something very comical in a Chamber of Commerce in a little town which raises and spends eight or ten or twelve thousand dollars making a great hullabaloo of advertising in order to attract population and buyers, instead of spending a little thought, combined with taste, in developing charm on its main streets and highways. Nobody has yet thought of increasing the sales value of Leonardo's "Last Supper" by placarding the world with signs "Biggest picture of its age." When that happens, we shall begin to suspect that it is spurious.

* * * *

Exceedingly important then to this little town of ours is the development of a public, civic, taste . . . and agreement upon what constitutes good building and good street arrangement. Does the typical well-groomed city gas station fit in Carmel? Or shall we invent and design one of another type of expression? The simple wooden store structure with which Carmel began, is giving place to several varieties of stucco shops. Some of them, standard and modern enough, would do well in Salinas or even in Hollywood . . . Better, some of us think, than they do in Carmel.

Building is very active now, and will be more so in the immediate future, in Carmel. Is it not time to think over the matter of civic architectural control, for the sake of a harmonious development of the town?

There are of course dangers in control by an appointed group. But Palos Verdes and Santa Barbara have managed to do good things with it.

For Carmel, the two alternatives that occur to us are, either that, we must accept the principle of civic architectural control, and then choose the controlling group with the greatest care; or else we must develop taste and architectural feeling to a degree almost unheard of in American towns (excepting of course old New England) so that no one would have the slightest temptation to build a Hollywood stucco store, with false front and slum-style back. Or if he did, the town, instead of accepting the atrocity passively and pleasantly, would rise up in protest at the first preliminary blue-print.

ASA KEYES GETS IN WRONG WITH THE BOYS

It is world news when a city attorney, well-intrenched, is convicted of bribery and corruption by his own courts. Why was he convicted? Simply because he was guilty? The question is too naive.

It must have been that, at some point or other, Asa Keyes would not play the game.

What editor of a big city daily tells all he knows? Otherwise there would be a hue and cry deafening to the public ear. Judges, mayors, councilmen,—all subject to the psychology of office-holding and the victims, slow or rapid, of that psychology. (Editors, too, fall victims to the psychology of their trade, which turns them into pussy-footing evaders.)

When Aimee MacPherson first became a headliner after disappearing from a sea-beach, the Los Angeles Times took up the shout, pushed the story into a corner, pointed the finger straight, convinced its public of the lady's picturesque guilt.

Then suddenly the tone of the Times changed. Stepping backwards cautiously, it pulled the story into retreat. . .leaving its public to wonder why. "Harry Chandler (owner of the Times) knows: but the Hellman Bank interests have ordered the story shut up." So the rumors spread. The inside story is always a tale of pushes and pulls of interests. The newspapers present the story in accord with political policy,—withhold it, suppress the evidence, or spread a tale which will destroy a man and his life-work.

"We have given you a million dollars' worth of front page publicity," the Chicago Tribune once told Frank Lloyd Wright. It however omitted to observe the fact that this publicity was of such a nature, facts mingled with distortions, that it crippled his career as an architect in Chicago for years. An incidental result of this stress was his building of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo,—a building known all over the world. But for the Tribune's million dollars' worth, Chicago might have had, perhaps, a timeless masterpiece of that caliber, instead of, let us say, a pretty-pretty Tribune Tower.

Correspondence

To the editor of the Carmelite:

Acting on your request that I state the developments of the matter concerning the Monterey Union High School which interests us all, I wish to state that in November it was announced that a position was open in that institution to teach academic English, and Ancient History. A Carmelite applied, being provided with a general secondary credential of the State Board of Education of California. She was informed by Mr. Morehead that

she would be required to teach another course, namely: Smith-Hughes English, the theory of auto-mechanics.

The Carmelite protested, knowing that in order to teach Smith-Hughes courses, one must possess a special type of credentiol. The protest did not interest Mr. Morehead. A letter was written to Mrs. Clement of the Certification department at Sacramento. An answer came in due course, saying quite definitely that only a graduate engineer or someone having worked for seven years in a commercial garage was entitled legally to teach this course. The letter was shown to Mr. Morehead, whose comment was: "I have that position to fill and I am going to fill it."

The letter was also sent to Mr. Carmel Martin, chairman of the Board of Trustees. Nevertheless Miss Ellen James Smith was engaged with only a general secondary credential. The writer is not absolutely certain that the latter is teaching the course, but it is to be surmised that she is. Mr. Morehead said emphatically that of the two vocational teachers neither of them had the time to teach the course, and no other vocational teacher has been engaged.

The matter is being taken up with the State Board at the present time. What the result will be no one knows. In the meantime both at Berkeley and at Stanford a course is given which is compulsory for all teachers to take: it is 'Civic Education.' Stress is laid on good citizenship being taught in the secondary schools by means of this course. Every year at commencement we hear a speech on the matter. Principals without the knowledge of even elementary good English, to say nothing of other academic assets, are engaged and retained by boards of trustees on the plea that their character is extraordinarily fine and that it is character that counts, not scholarship!

And the amazing thing is that both the board of trustees and the principal in question are violating the law, not through ignorance, but deliberately. . . . . .

Yours,
Yvonne K. Navas-Rey.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Up the steep heights of Telegraph Hill the two editors climbed into Bohemia, one host, the other guest,—and there stood looking out over San Francisco bay sparkling with the lights of early evening. One could feel an affection for a city as beautiful as this.

There, up around the corner, dilapidated two-story houses commanded a superlative view and proclaimed their own decay.

We stopped at one of them, and knocked, and were led upstairs to a little restaurant dining-room in the mode of Bohemia of any town,—New York or Chicago or Paris,—with frescoed figures painted prancing all over the walls and leaping from room to room.

We sat down at a table lighted by a candle stuck in a bottle, and looked out over the bay, while the grey of early evening turned into darkness. We were the only guests for a while. Presently Myrtokleia, —who was cook, vegetable boy, and proprietress all in one,—brought us plates laden with excellent food, and sat down with us.

We talked about the grocer; about mutual friends who had dropped in recently at the Tavern; about the puppet play to be shown down the street at Blanding Sloan's that evening; and of course about Art.

Presently a young composer came in and we spoke of music. Myrto said that if evenings kept on being as quiet as this she wouldn't be able to pay her rent. Everybody agreed that no such catastrophe must happen. Here the homeless painter feels at home; the poet can read his verses; the newcomer enter at once into the Camaraderie of Bohemia; and dinner, a frugal work of art in itself, from French bread to succulent vegetables, costs fifty cents.

Should we linger here for the evening, rolling our bread into little pellets while we settled it once for all about this and that mighty matter? Or should we slip down to the puppet theatre?

We'd go down to the puppets.

"Goodbye, Myrto . . . I'll tell them in Carmel about your tavern."

* * * *

Later Myrto decides to advertise the Tavern in our news-paper. . . This pleases us,—for the advertisement has a clever design; and besides, we like the Tavern. We like the relaxed and child-like moods which descend upon us there, —combining the simplicity of the child with the sophistication of the urban artist.

But this week there are lurid headlines in The Examiner. Myrtokleia's portrait on the front page. "Telegraph Hill Tavern Raided." And we hear how five burly policemen, without taking the trouble to knock, as orderly and decent people would, have broken in a door, ambled their way upstairs, turned the house topsy-turvy, and carted Myrtokleia off with them.

Why?

O, for about the same sort of reason that policemen in San Pedro will break into headquarters of an organization unpopular with them,—say the I. W. W's, —smash the typewriters, attack the piano with hatchets, take off all papers and records and fail to return them. The police department is a good place for sadism.

WITHOUT THE PRISON WALLS

Many special commissions are sitting in dignified earnestness pondering and deliberating upon the destinies of our prisoners. The building of roads is one way of squaring our sense of inadequacy both with the tax payer and with the prisoner. The New York State Use System is another way of keeping the prisoner employed so as to make him more useful and repay the cost of caring for our anti social humans.

It would seem to us that before any of our concerns may be satisfied as to what to do with the prisoners it is important to determine wherein we are fully free from the keen edge of the injustice of creating prisoners. It is much more important to discover how to administer justice than to experiment with the destinies of those who have had justice administered to them.

The Mooney case, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, are outstanding examples of conflicts between justice and organized, established, and respectable power. The Keyes case is an illustration of the manner in which the administration of justice is largely a matter of "ministering" to those who have justice to administer. Aimee—the imcomparable Aimee—is an outstanding personality who mixes worldly interests with the administration of the affairs of those willing to part with such worldly goods and interests for a better life in other spheres. She hoodwinks district attorneys and keeps judges in good humor by sending them good will offerings. She is a "great and free prophetess" or whatever such saviors may be called.

Our prison problem does not seem to be so much a matter of who is in prison as it is a matter of why and how human beings find their way into prison. It is also a matter of who and how humans who, according to old fashioned and official sense of justice, should be in prison are banqueted as leaders in this world, and are promised salvation in the hereafter if their church relations are right.

Will the smashing leadership of a genius ever come to bring a new vision of justice? When that vision is ours we shall not need to be troubled with the problems of administering our prisons.

—c. a.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR BOYS

The Parent-Teacher Association of the Monterey Union High School, whose presiding officer is Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger of Carmel, will hold its monthly meeting on Friday February fifteenth at eight.

The speaker of the evening will be Walter F. Brown of the Department of Physical Education and Hygiene for Men at Stanford University.

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Fifth and Junipero Streets
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Poems . . .

Of the young woman from whose poems we print below, Don Rodriguez writes:

"Among the many precocious youngsters making aesthetic history in Mexico, Nahui Olin is the most sound, the most advanced, the most versatile. . .

"Nahui paints as well as writes, but as her main orientation is in the path of the word, we may better consider her only as a writer of ductile and expressive French verse. . . The question of Language, I may say in passing, has little importance among such a polylingual circle as the young Mexican intelligentsia. I found her immediatedy and constantly in the company of that brilliant group of painters who have carried their work so far. . . Diego Riviera, Roberto Montenegro, Dr. Atl and the rest.

"In the morning studies from the figure in the ancient convent of Saints Peter and Paul; in the Cafe Oriental, where the choice spirits and appetites gather; in the libraries of diplomats, I had occasion to observe and to question this remarkable child,—for she is only twenty.

"She read me her third book. . . In this work, full of classic rhythmic sentiment expressed in the language of the most advanced of the modernists, Nahui Olin display an appraisement of pain, of passion, and of beauty, which is found elsewhere only in the work of the slaughtered host: Mozart, Raphael, Keats.

"Later, seated at an onyx pool, I saw her again. . .

" 'Men are dear creatures,—but very droll' she said. 'See them drinking cognac in the corner. They all listen to one another so that they may all ultimately speak, not because they wish to listen.'

". . . a tremendous perception of the nature of all life, is what makes Nahui Olin's work great. . ."

JE POSE AUX ARTISTES

Je
pose
aux artistes
qui font
des tableaux
Toujours
nouveaux
quand
Je pose
et
toutes
les
fois
je
suis
une
autre
chose
qu'ils
n'ont
encore
vue
et
ils
se tourmentent
avec
des nouveaux
tableaux
qu'ils
font
pour
faire
une
seule
chose
qui
est
mon
espirit
repandu
dans
mon
corps
s'echappant
par
mes
yeux
et ils
se
tourmentent
avec
raison
et
faisant
des nouveaux
tableaux
quand
je
pose
et
j'apporte
toujours
une nouvelle
chose
qui
est
mon
esprit
repandu
dans
mon
corps
sortant
par
mes
yeux
pour
poser
aux
Messieurs
qui
font
toujours
avec
moi
des tableaux
nouveaux

—Nahui Olin

Books . . .

Walt Whitman—A Collection of Unpublished Manuscripts, with an introduction and notes by Dr. Clifton Joseph Furness. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. 1928.

Walt the prophet of freedom in poetic form, the prophet of freedom of personal human relations, the prophet of a new sense of vital Americanism, is ever coming back to bring new messages, either through new interpretations, or through new discoveries of his literary efforts which were for the time being lost to his reading public. Dr. Furness has brought to the reader a very interesting and well-ordered collection of Walt Whitman manuscripts, and has presented them in a volume which should find an honored place in the library of any lover of Whitman.

This is not a book to be reviewed in a few lines. It is a treasure-chest that one may browse through, to find light and sunshine and wide spaces at every turn.

—c. a.

LA VIE

La vie
est
une tyrannie
qui soument a d'afreux tourments
et chaque moment
est une nouvelle esperance
nouvelle souffrance
d'une
folie
d'une
tyrannie
qui
est
la
vie
qui berce
et renverse
l'illusion
et est une menteuse
qui rit de notre ambition
en nous faisant
souffrir
mourir
cruellement
elle detourne
notre sort
sanse remords
nous croyant immortelle
en laissant
enraciner
notre intelligence
sur le monde
qui voit
notre
but
la mort
qui est
une
tyrannie
de la
vie

—Nahui Olin.

ASTONISHED THERMOMETERS

A frost whose temperature fell below any before recorded on the peninsula, did damage in gardens here this week, and nipped young shoots emerging hopefully from the earth after the recent rains. Thermometers in Monterey registered twenty-five degrees above zero.

OMISSION

The Carmelite omitted to give credit in its issue of last week to Mrs. Yvonne Navas-Rey for the writing of the first two paragraphs of the article on Commedia Dell'Arte.

7 ARTS

New Mystery Stories Received:

"The Murders in Surrey Wood" —Arnold

"The Case With Nine Solutions" —Connington

"The House in Tuesday Market" —J. S. Fletcher

New books at the Woodside Library:

Peder Victorious	by	O. E. Rolvaag
The Magic Island		W. B. Seabrook
Elizabeth and Essex		Lytton Strachey
The Strange Necessity		Rebecca West
The Well of Loneliness		Radcliffe-Hall
Dostoievsky		Meier-Graefe
West-running Brook		Robert Frost

A circulating library of worth-while books... Also a very interesting selection of second-hand books from ten cents up.

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$5250.00 An Exceptional Bargain:
Shingle House—4 bedrooms—Large Living Rroom. Well planted garden. Close to Ocean, with marine view from every window.

$6000.00 Large House in center of town:
4 bedrooms, large sun room. Ocean view. House well furnished. Excellent terms.

$28000.00 Charming Home in Carmel Highlands:
Approximately 2 acres ground. Well terraced and planted to garden. Magnificent view.

Unimproved property on Carmel Point:
We have some remarkable view lots now listed for quick sale, on this valuable water front property.

The demand for this particular section of Carmel's delightful water front is getting greater each year and its prices will grow with its popularity.

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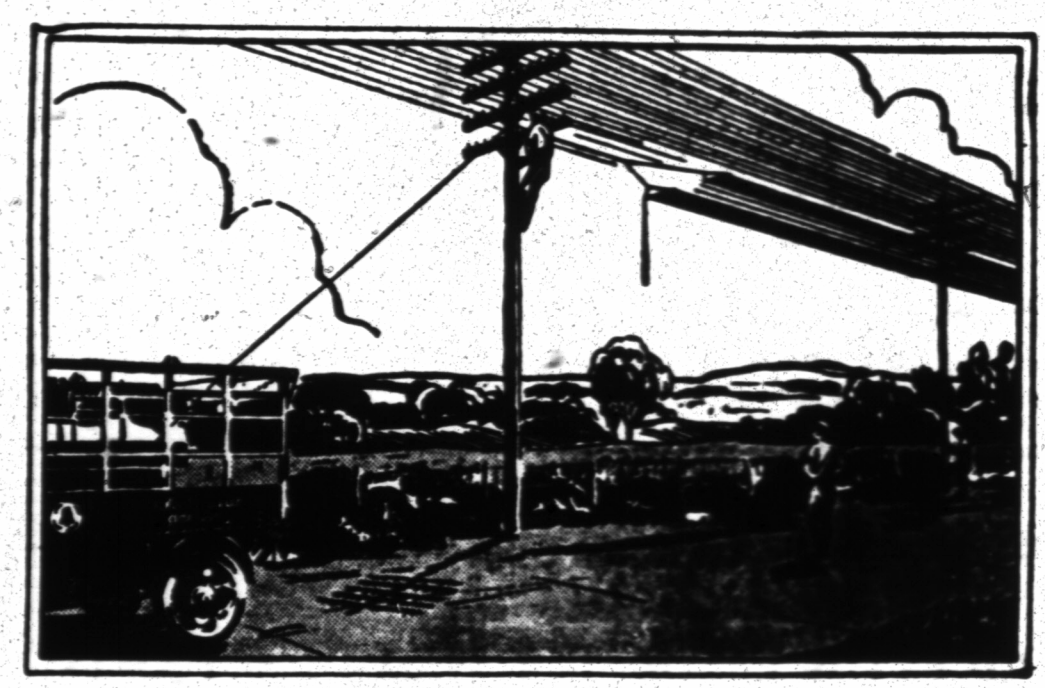

The U. S. A. is only a few minutes wide

THE Bell System is ever busy reducing the width of America and the distance between cities. For example, in the last five years 350 major improvements, as well as thousands of others whose aggregate importance mounts high, have been made in telephone central office equipment.

Improved operating practices have eliminated the necessity of your "hanging up" and being called back in 95 per cent of toll and long distance calls, adding new speed and ease to out of town calling. You hold the wire and the operator does the rest.

Since New Year's Day, 1927, the average time for completing all out of town calls has been cut 35 per cent and at the same time the per cent of error has been further materially reduced.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the future's greater service.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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Science

Science News Service has made an interesting contribution in its summary of the year's advance in scientific knowledge throughout the world.

"A new and larger looking-glass for the heavens; sight by radio and sound by film; elemental creation discovered in outer space and signaled to earth by cosmic rays; 5,000,000 volts of electricity; ancient civilization discovered and the center of our universe located; flying made safer by new airplane designs; artificial fevers attacking other diseases; these advances in science and many others occured in the year 1928.

BIOLOGY

Under the heading "Biology" it lists the following achievements:

A moving picture record of the living rabbit's egg which discloses many new phenomena, hitherto unknown, was obtained.

The parathyroid gland plays a large part in the control of sex of unborn offspring, Dr. Simon B. Chandler, of the Loyola University School of Medicine, Chicago, found.

Insects neither male nor female but containing characteristics of both sexes were produced in X-ray experiments by Prof. James W. Mavor, of Union College, Schenectady, working in a London laboratory.

The attempt of the Soviet Government to save from extinction the wisent, Europe's representative of the bison family, failed, since careful searches of the 1,100 square-mile reserve made by naturalists showed no trace of a single living animal.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington has completed an eugenical study concluding that laws for deportation of public charges becoming such from hereditary defectiveness should be extended and enforced.

Tuberculosis in live-stock has declined, due to the cooperation of the Bureau of Animal Industry with local authorities. 11,300,000 cattle were tested during the past year.

The work of eradicating cattle ticks from Southern states gradually reclaimed more territory from the pest.

A hybrid of the radish and cabbage was produced by Dr. Georgii D. Karpenchenko of the Botanical Institute at Detskoje Selo, in Russia.

A comparatively new bacterial disease known as "halo spot" destroyed large

acreages of beans in the regions of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado.

The $1000 annual prize of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, for outstanding research during the preceding year, was awarded to Prof. H. J. Muller of the University of Texas, for his work on producing new varieties of fruit flies by X-ray treatment.

Scientists the world over celebrated the 80th birthday of Hugo de Vries, foremost student of evolution since Darwin's time.

Gluconic acid, a chemical hitherto obtainable only at a price of $100 a pound, was produced at 35 cents a pound by chemists at the Color Laboratory of the U. S. Department of Argiculture, using a species of mould growing on a glucose solution.

Edible fats and fatty acids for soap making were made from paraffin through catalytic methods developed by the chemists of the German Dye Trust.

A magnetic theory of catalytic action in which molecules and atoms are conceived as having two poles like a bar magnet was advanced by Dr. Karl Krauch, German chemist.

Wall board is being manufactured from corn stalks in a special semi-commercial plant set up at Ames, Iowa by the U. S. Bureau of Standards in cooperation with Iowa State College.

A commercial plant for making paper out of cornstalks was built in Illinois, the first of its kind.

The process for converting wood waste into an edible carbohydrate suitable for hog food devised by Dr. Freidrich Bergius, German chemist, was improved to the point of semi-commercial production.

Engineering

A method of utilizing for power the difference in temperature between the depths and surface of tropical seas was devised and successfully demonstrated by George Claude, the French physicist and inventor.

Busses carrying 20 passengers, with sleeping accommodations, dining, and toilet facilities, were placed in operation.

The Army Air Corps photographed areas in the United States approximating 35,000 square miles for the War Department and other governmental bureaus.

Radio acoustic sound ranging, making possible the locating of ships even in darkness and fog, was developed.

Two condemned buildings in Washington were burned to the ground by scientists of the Bureau of Standards in order to test fireproof safes under actual conflagration conditions.

A gearless auto that changes speed automatically was described to the Society of Automotive Engineers by a French engineer, D. Sensaud de Lavaud.

An instrument defined as a "breathing device" which experts believe will save the lives of men submerged in sunken submarines has beeen devised by Lieut. C. B. Momsen, Chief Gunner C. L. Tibbals, both diving experts, and F. M. Hobson, engineer in the Naval Bureau of Construtction and Repairs.

Pulverized coal was applied to the propulsion of sea-going vessels, the initial installation being the U. S. Shipping Board vessel Mercer.

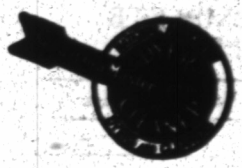
Radio equipment for communication between the front and rear ends of long freight trains has been installed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for demonstration on that system.

The St. Francis dam, which impounded a large part of the water supply of Los Angeles, burst on March 12, causing a destructive flood.

Deposits of potash large enough to be of economic importance were discovered at two localities in Texas and one locality in New Mexico.

(The Carmelite will complete the reprint of this valuable summary in subsequent issues).

Carmel Cleaning Works



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Dr. Clarence H. Terry
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El Paseo Building
Dolores at 7th Street
Phone: Carmel 106

A NEW PROFESSION

When courses at Stanford University proved a little dull to these young people, they took to snake farming.

This was a new profession, with little competition, and full of adventure. Rita Wilson, now of Carmel, entered into the work energetically.

The purpose of the farm was to produce and cultivate deadly snakes, chiefly rattlers; to extract their poisons; and to sell these to the University for use as anti-toxin for the prevention of death from snake-bites. A noble intention.

The only trouble with this adventure was that the adventurers, living intimately with their pets, occasionally themselves forgot to carry along their little emergency phials, hypodermic, and so forth. The snakes were large,—some five feet long or so; and while one was busy with one of them, another might come along to strike unseen.

Miss Wilson tells of the long fight she had to make for the life of her companion, who was thus bitten while they were among their herd (brood, flock, litter?) in the snake corral.

The snake farm was some miles distant from help; and she was left alone to pull him through past the chill of death which returned fitfully hovering again and again during those hours.

So devasting was this adventure, that they decided to abandon it and the snakes. A hundred and fifty-six deadly snakes.

These gentle creatures they released from the confines of the farm to make their sinuous way back into the California forests once more.

The field is therefore once more completely open, a profession without competition. And the only capital it requires is a hypodermic needle and a forked stick.

CLASSIFIED ADS

DRESSMAKING: and millinery. Hemstitching. Remodelling. Martha Coldewe. Farley Building on Dolores. Telephone Carmel 598.

FOR SALE: —Two houses close in; one with four bedrooms, two baths, large living-room, dining room and kitchen; the other consists of studio and bedroom, kitchen and bath. These houses are on adjoining lots and will be sold together or separately. Prices, $9500 and $5500, respectively. Easy terms. Alterations can be made now to suit the buyer. Inquire Carmel Land Co. Telephone 18.

SEA-GOING IRISH

George O'Brien, son of the chief of police in San Francisco, stars in a Fox picture made on the peninsula.
from a linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

40 ACRES IN THE RED WOODS

LIVING STREAM
PURE MOUN-
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There's not much of it left

Scenic home sites
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Five room furnished house on three lots, $4750. The lots are worth $3,000.

Three view lots on Carmel Point, $2500. Nothing else like this for the price.

Business corner, close in, 80x100, $2600. A sure shot investment.

Five room furnished house on six lots, 200x120, $5300.

Quarter acre at Carmel Highlands, $1,000; terms.

State Highway frontage one-half mile from Carmel's business center, $1300 for 100 feet.

Be sure to see HATTON FIELDS and THE MISSION MESA before closing on residence property in or about Carmel.

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